The Conspiracy of Catiline.

A Tragedy written and performed at the Redlands, Cal. High School, Miss K. A. Hall, Latin teacher, in June 1901.

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene I. - House of Laeca. Midnight. Laeca and Curius Playing at Dice.

Curius: 'Tis mine!

Laeca: No, by Bacchus, it is mine!

Curius: Thou'rt hasty, Marcus Laeca.

Laeca: Thou need'st not try to deceive me. I saw thee turn it as it fell.

Curius: Well let it pass, my friend. Wilt play again? What shall be the wager?

Laeca: Nay, I do not care to play again. Dicing is but idle sport.

Curius: (Laughing.) To one who always loses.

Laeca: To one who is pitted against a professional gambler. (Rises and walks about.) 'Tis time our guests were coming. Hark! That was the signal, a triple knock, three times repeated. (Opens door. Enter Publius and Servius Sulla.)

Servius: What, Curius! Art thou here! I knew not thou wer't of our band.

Laeca: 'Tis not quite clear to me why our brave Catiline chose Quintus for a follower. His brain is all too full of gambling tricks and thoughts of his fair Fulvia. It hath no room for such grave plans as ours.

Curius: By Jove's thunder, Laeca, thou dost wrong me. Before these noble men, I swear to thee -

Laeca: Hold, Curius! Thou art over hasty - I meant not to offend thee. 'Twas but - Hark! 'Tis the signal. (Admits Autronius, Stitilius, and Varguntеius.) Thou'rt welcome, noble friends. Hast thou seen aught of Catiline?

Autronius: Nay, we saw him not. Hath he not yet arrived?

Laeca: Nay, friends. He hath grave work on hand this night.

Autronius: Our plans seem working well; but one thing troubles me. The consul, Cicero, hath a watchful eye, and one not easily baffled. 'Tis a grave obstacle.

Varguntеius: An obstacle most easily overcome.

Publius Sulla: What mean'st, Varguntеius?

Stitilius: Thou'rt dull of understanding, Sulla.

Publius Sulla: Nay, I understand full well; but I like not the thought of such rash bloodshed.

Stitilius: Thou hast a woman's squeamishness. Was that the signal?

Laeca: Nay, 'twas the knock of some outsider. Who cometh at this hour? But ye must fly, my friends. I pray you, hide yourselves with haste. (Exunt conspirators.) (Enter slave and admits Cethegus.) Is't thou, Cethegus? Did'st thou forget the signal? Thou wilt undo us yet with thy rash carelessness. (Admits Cassius Longinus, Fulvius Nobilior, Bestia, and Gabinius Capito.) Ye are welcome, all. It gives me some anxiety that our noble Catiline hath not yet arrived.

Gabinius: We met him, noble Laeca, in the Sacred Way hold-earnest converse with Publius Lentulus. He will be here anon. (Laeca admits Catiline, Lentulus, Annius, and Cornelius.)

Catiline: Room, room, brave Romans! To your places. I crave your pardon, noble friends, for this delay. (Enter slave to trim lamp.) Laeca: Ye need not look askance upon old Fulcus. He knoweth all my secrets. His heart is all with mine, and mine with yours.

Catiline: What I have had upon my mind, already ye have

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene I. - House of Lucca. Midnight. Lucca and Curtius Playing at Dice.

Curtius: 'Tis mine!

Lucca: No, by Jacchus, it is mine!

Curtius: Thou'rt crafty, Lucca Lucca.

Lucca: Thou needst not try to deceive me. I can tell thee turn it as it fell.

Curtius: Well let it pass, my friend. Will play again? What shall be the wager?

Lucca: Nay, I do not care to play again. Dicing is but idle sport.

Curtius: (Laughing.) To one who is always loser.

Lucca: To one who is pitted against a professional gambler. (Rises and walks about.) 'Tis time our guests were coming. Hark! That was the signal, a triple knock, three times repeated. (Opens door. Enter Publius and Servius Sulla.)

Servius: What, Curtius! Art thou here! I know not thy voice of our band.

Lucca: 'Tis not quite clear to me why our brave Catiline chose Curtius for a follower. His brain is all too full of gambling tricks and thoughts of his fair Julia. It hath no room for such grave plans as ours.

Curtius: By Jove's thunder, Lucca, thou dost wrong me. Before these noble men, I swear to thee -

Lucca: Hold, Curtius! Then art ever hasty - I meant not to offend thee. 'Twas but - Hark! 'Tis the signal. (Admits Antronius, Stitilius, and Vargunteius.) Thou'rt welcome, noble friends. Hast thou seen sight of Catiline?

Antronius: Nay, we saw him not. Hath he not yet arrived?

Lucca: Nay, friends. He hath grave work on hand this night.

Antronius: Our plans seem working well; but one thing troubles me. The consul, Cicero, hath a watchful eye, and one not easily baffled. 'Tis a grave business.

Vargunteius: An obstacle most easily overcome.

Publius Sulla: What means't, Vargunteius?

Stitilius: Thou'rt dull of understanding, Sulla.

Publius Sulla: Nay, I understand full well; but I like not the thought of such rash bloodshed.

Stitilius: Thou hast a woman's squeamishness. Was that the signal?

Lucca: Nay, 'twas the knock of some outsider. Who cometh at this hour? But ye must fly, my friends. I pray you, hide yourselves with haste. (Exunt conspirators.) (Enter slave and admits Catiline.) Is't thou, Catiline? Didst thou forget the signal? Thou will made us yet with thy rash carelessness. (Admits Cassius Longinus, Marius Nobilior, Paetus, and Cabinius Gallo.) Ye are welcome, all. It gives us sore anxiety that our noble Catiline hath not yet arrived.

Cabinius: We met him, noble Lucca, in the Sacred Way holding earnest converse with Publius Lentulus. He will be here soon. (Lucca admits Catiline, Lentulus, Annius, and Cornelius.)

Catiline: Rome, Rome, brave Romans! To your places. I crave your pardon, noble friends, for this delay. (Enter slave to turn lamp.) Lucca: Ye need not look askance upon old Publius. He knows all my secrets. His heart is all with mine, and mine with yours.

Catiline: What I have had on my mind, already ye have

heard separately. But my ardor for action is daily more and more excited, when I consider what our future condition of life must be, unless we assert our claims to liberty. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!")

Cethegus: Let us have liberty or death!

Catiline: Since the government has fallen under the jurisdiction of a few, kings and princes have been their tributaries; nations and states have paid them taxes; but we, however brave and worthy, whether noble or plebean, have been regarded as a mere mob, without interest or authority, and subject to those, to whom, were the state in a sound condition, we should be a terror.(Cries of "Let them beware.") All influence, power, honor, wealth are in their hands, or are at their disposal; for us are insults, dangers, persecutions, proverty. To such indignities, O bravest of men, how long will you submit? Is it not far better to die in a glorious attempt, than after having been the sport of other men's insolence? (Cries of assent.) But I call gods and men to witness, in our own hands is our success. Our years are fresh, our spirits are unbroken, while our oppressors, on the contrary, are enfeebled by age and wealth. For us is but to make a beginning. The course of events will accomplish the rest. Who, I ask, that has the feelings of a man, can endure that they should have a supufluity of riches to squander in building over seas and levelling mountains, while we have not even the necessaries of life; that they should join together two houses and more, while we have not a hearth to call our own? (Murmurs.) For us there is proverty at home and debts abroad; our present circumstances are bad, our prospects much worse. What have we left but a miserable existance? (Cries of "Catiline! Catiline!") Will you not then awake to action? Behold before your eyes that liberty which ye have so often wished, with wealth, honor, and glory. All these prizes, fortune offers to the victorious. Let the enterprise itself, the opportunity, your poverty, your dangers, and the glorious spoils of war, animate you far more than my words. Use me either as your leader ("Yes, yes, most noble Catiline.") or your fellow soldier. I pledge to the cause, my heart and my hand. These objects I hope to effect in concert with you, in the character of consul, unless indeed, my expectations deceive me and you prefer to be slaves rather than masters. (Cries of "Never, never slaves!" "Let Catiline be our leader.") To the valient Manlius have I given command of the army in Etruria; to Lentulus, charge of affairs within the city. For thee, Cethegus, will be the plunder and the spoils of war. Ye shall profit by the cancelling of debts and proscription of the nobles. For myself, I would fain join Manlius in Etruria, but Cicero standeth ready to baffle at every step.

Cornelius: Most noble Catiline, if there is one man in this assembly who will cast in his lot with me, thou may'st consider that this last difficulty is removed. This very night shall Marcus Tullius die!

Catiline: Thou'rt a brave Roman, my Cornelius, but how wilt thou accomplish this?

Cornelius: With one friend with me to assure success, this morning will I go to Cicero's house, and a dagger in the consul's heart makes our plans secure.

Catiline: Thou'rt a valient Roman, I repeat. Is there a -

heard separately. But my author tells us it is in daily more and more excited, when I consider what our fathers overthrew of life must be, unless we assert our claims to liberty. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!")

Cethegus: Let us have liberty or death!

Catiline: Since the government has fallen under the tyranny of a few, kings and princes have been their tributaries; nations and states have paid them tribute; but we, forever brave and worthy, whether noble or plebeian, have been esteemed as a mere mob, without interest or authority, and subject to those, to whom, were the state in a sound condition, we should be a terror. (Cries of "Let them tremble.") All influence, power, honor, wealth are in their hands, or are at their disposal; for us are insults, dangers, persecutions, poverty. To such indignities, O bravest of men, how long will you submit? Is it not far better to die in a glorious attempt, than, after having been the sport of other men's insolence (Cries of "Never!") Yes! I call gods and men to witness, in our own hands is our success, our years are fresh, our spirits are unbroken, while we (Cries of "Yes!") on the contrary, are enfeebled by age and infirmity. The one is left to make a beginning, the other to end the last. Who, I ask, that has the feelings of a man, can endure that they should have a superiority of riches to squander in building over seas and levelling mountains, while we have not even the necessaries of life: that they should join mansions to mansions and more, while we have not a hearth to call our own? (Murmurs.) For us there is poverty at home and danger abroad; our present circumstances are bad, our prospects worse. What have we left but a miserable existence? (Cries of "Contemptible Catiline!") Will you not then awake to action? Will nothing your even that liberty which we have so often sought with wealth, honor, and glory. All these prizes, fortune offers to the victorious. Let the enterprise itself, the opportunity, your poverty, your dangers, and the glorious spoils of war, stimulate you far more than my words. Use me either as your leader or your slave. ("Yes, yes, most noble Catiline.") or your fellow soldier, ready to share with you the glory, my heart and my hand. These objects I may be allowed to conceive in concert with you, in the character of consul, nay, rather indeed, my anticipations deceive me and you prefer to be ruled by a chief than to serve. (Cries of "Never, never, never!") "Let Catiline be our leader!")

To these valiant Manlius gave I, from command of the army in Etruria; to Lentulus, charge of raising within the city. For these, Cethegus, will be the plunder and the spoils of war. To shall profit by the consulship of Cicero and possession of the noble. For myself, I would turn from Lentulus in Etruria, but Cicero stands ready to battle against me.

Cornelius: Most noble Catiline, if there be one man in this assembly who will cast in his lot with us, let him confess that this last difficulty is removed. This very night are I Cicero Tullius die!

Catiline: Thou art a brave Roman, by [illegible] but how will thou accomplish this?

Cornelius: With one friend with me to promise success, this morning will I go to Cicero's house, and stabbed in the consul's heart make our plans secure.

Catiline: Thou art a valiant Roman! I consent. In there a —

mong us anyone to share in this brave act?

Vargunteius: Most noble Catiline, if thou'lt accept me I will go.

Catiline: I knew thou had'st a valient heart, most noble Vargunteius. Give me I pray, thy hand to seal the pledge. Thou Publius Sulla, need'st not the promise of reward to lead thee on. I know thy upright spirit. It is enough for thee, that 'tis a noble cause to free thy countrymen from their oppressors. Now by the name of thy illustrious uncle, Lucius Sulla, I adjure thee -

Publius Sulla: By that name thou callest to my memory, I swear that I will go no further in this matter.

Catiline: Remember, Sulla, thou art under oath.

Publius Sulla: I am a Roman, and as I bear the name of the illustrious dictator, I will not break my oath; but I call the gods to witness, that I will have no further part in this accursed plot.

Catiline: I have no power to bind thee, and if I had, I would not hold thee 'gainst thy will. Thou art free to go; but harken, Publius Sulla! If thou break one syllable of the oath that thou hast sworn - remember! it were better not. Thou mayest go. (Exit Sulla.) With Publius Sulla vanishes my last though of failure. With Rome's arch tyrant dead, on the morrow shall I be free to join Manlius at Faesulae. But ere we part this night, let us drink a pledge, and bind ourselves together with an oath. Good Laeca, I pray thee bid thy slave prepare the pledge. (Laeca summons slave; slave returns with goblets on a tray; passes one to each conspirator.) In this cup of mingled human blood and wine, I pledge myself to this great cause, and may the faithful in a cup like this, drink of my blood, drawn from my still quivering heart, if I prove faithless. Drink to this vow, my comrades. (Rrink.)

(Curtain.)

The conspiracy of Publius.

Scene I. (Philia Tent.)

mong us anyone to share in this brave act?

Vargunteius: Most noble Cattilina, if thou'lt accept me I will go.

Cattilina: I knew thou had'st a valiant heart, most noble Vargunteius. Give me I pray, thy hand to seal the pledge. Thou Publius Sulla, head'st not the promise of reward to lead thee on. I know thy upright spirit. It is enough for thee, that it's a noble cause to free thy countrymen from their oppressors. Now by the name of thy illustrious uncle, Doctor Sulla, I adjure thee -

Publius Sulla: By that name thou calleest to my memory, I swear that I will go no further in this matter

Cattilina: Remember, Sulla, thou art under oath.

Publius Sulla: I am a Roman, and as I bear the name of the illustrious dictator, I will not break my oath, but I call the gods to witness, that I will have no further part in this accursed plot.

Cattilina: I have no power to hold thee, and if I had, I would not hold thee against thy will. Thou art free to go; but harken, Publius Sulla! If thou break one syllable of the oath that thou hast sworn - remember, it were better not. Then may-est go. (Exit Sulla.) With Publius Sulla vanishes my last though of failure. With Rome's most fearful dead, on the morrow shall I be free to join Manlius at Fiesulae. But ere we part this night, let us drink a pledge, and bind ourselves together with an oath. Good Laeca, I pray thee bid thy slave prepare the pledge. (Laeca summons slave, slave returns with goblets on a tray; passes one to each conspirator.) In this cup is mingled human blood and wine. I pledge myself to this great cause, and may the faith ful in a cup like this, drink of my blood, drain from my still quivering heart, if I prove faithless. Drink to this vow, my comrades. (Drink.)

(Curtain.)

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene II. - Street in Rome.

(Enter Quintus Curius.) (Enter Fulvia from other side.)

Curius: Thou, Fulvia! Is it thou? What dost thou here?

Fulvia: Nay, Quintus, what dost thou? Thou need'st not cast about to answer me. Thou'st been to Marcus Laeca's, I'll take my oath! Nay, deny it not. I saw thee leave his house.

Curius: I do not deny it.

Fulvia: Come, Quintus, tell me, what did'st thou there?

Curius: We played at dice.

Fulvia: Aye, gambled. I'll give my warrent, but there was something more.

Curius: Nay, by the gods, my Fulvia, 'twas --

Fulvia: Hold, Quintus! swear not so. Thou'rt over given to deceitful oaths. Nay, turn not thus away. Forgive my shrewish speech. I meant it not. I do not like to see thy brow o'erclouded.

Curius: Nor I, thine. I'll tell thee something, Fulvia, that will clear the clouds away.

Fulvia: Well, say on.

Curius: How would'st thou like a ruby girdle, Fulvia, and a chain of pearls for thy fair neck, and bracelets for thy lovely arms, coiled serpents with emerald eyes, and a new lectica with curtains of broidered gold?

Fulvia: What idle talk!

Curius: Nay, 'tis not idle talk, for in a month I'll have it in my power to give thee all of these.

Fulvia: Thou'lt have it in thy power! Thou told'st me that a month ago, and then thou lost the little that thou had'st with thy eternal gambling.

Curius: But this is different. I am sure of this.

Fulvia: Thou'rt sure of it! 'Tis but some gambling scheme. 'Tis all thou'rt fit for. Nay, leave me not with such rash haste. Stay! Tell me where thou'lt get thy wealth.

Curius: I will not tell thee.

Fulvia: Nay, Quintus, be not angry with thy Fulvia. Thou dost not love her truly, or thou could'st bear with her. Thy love is ever fickle. It has found some other object.

Curius: By all the gods, my Fulvia, it is not so.

Fulvia: But if thou did'st love her, thou would'st trust her more.

Curius: I trust thee, Fulvia.

Fulvia: Thou dost not, or thou would'st tell her all thy secrets. Come, prove that thou dost trust me, and tell me this new scheme of thine.

Curius: I cannot. I am under oath.

Fulvia: Under oath! Aha! 'tis a conspiracy.

Curius: Nay, do not question me. Is't not enough that it is all for thee, but thou must know the whys and wherefores of my deeds?

Fulvia: But ~~[illegible]~~ tell thee if thou love me, thou wilt have no secrets from me. It is from love I question thee.

Curius: It is not. It is thy overweening curiosity.

Fulvia: There are those who think not so of Fulvia. They think her worthy of their trust. They would be grateful for her love, and they are worthier of her love than thou.

Curius: But listen, Fulvia! 'Tis not from lack of love for

The Conspiracy of Cecilia.

Scene II. - Street in Rome.

(Enter Quintus Curtius.) (Enter Fulvia from other side.)

Curtius: Thou, Fulvia! Is it thou? What dost thou here?

Fulvia: Nay, Quintus, what dost thou? Thou seem'st not eager about to answer me. Thou'st been to Marcus Lucca's. I'll take my oath! Nay, deny it not. I saw thee leave his mansion.

Curtius: I do not deny it.

Fulvia: Come, Quintus, tell me, what did'st thou there?

Curtius: We played at dice.

Fulvia: Aye, gambled. I'll give my warrant, but there was something more.

Curtius: Nay, by the gods, by Fulvia, 'twas --

Fulvia: Hold, Quintus! swear not so. Thou art over given to deceitful oaths. Nay, turn not thus away. Forgive my sharpish speech. I meant it not. I do not like to see thy brow o'erclouded.

Curtius: Nor I, trust me. I'll tell thee something, Fulvia, that will clear the clouds away.

Fulvia: Well, say on.

Curtius: How wond'rst thou like a ruby gradle, Fulvia, and a chain of pearls for thy fair neck, and bracelets for thy lovely arms, coiled serpents with emerald eyes, and a new jerkin with curtains of brocadered gold?

Fulvia: What idle talk!

Curtius: Nay, 'tis not idle talk, for in a month I'll have it in my power to give thee all of these.

Fulvia: Thou'lt have it in thy power! Thou told'st me that a month ago, and then thou lost the little that thou had'st with thy eternal gambling.

Curtius: But this is different. I am sure of this.

Fulvia: Thou'rt sure of it! 'Tis but some gambling scheme. 'Tis all thou'rt fit for. Nay, leave me not with such vast hate. Stay! Tell me where thou'lt get thy wealth.

Curtius: I will not tell thee.

Fulvia: Nay, Quintus, be not angry with thy Fulvia. Thou dost not love her truly, or thou could'st bear with her. Thy love is ever fickle. It has found some other object.

Curtius: By all the gods, my Fulvia, it is not so.

Fulvia: But if thou did'st love her, thou would'st trust her more.

Curtius: I trust thee, Fulvia.

Fulvia: Thou dost not, or thou would'st tell her all thy secrets. Come, prove that thou dost trust me, and tell me this new scheme of thine.

Curtius: I cannot. I am under oath.

Fulvia: Under oath! Aha! 'Tis a conspiracy.

Curtius: Nay, do not question me. Isn't not enough that it is all for thee, but thou must know the time and wherefore of my deeds?

Fulvia: But tell me if thou love me. Now will have no secrets from me. It is from love I question thee.

Curtius: It is not. It is thy overweening curiosity.

Fulvia: There are those who think not so of Fulvia. They think her worthy of their trust. They would be grateful for her love, and they are worthier of her love than thou.

Curtius: But listen, Fulvia! 'Tis not from lack of love for

thee that I deny thee this. Thou would'st not have me break my oath?

Fulvia: Thy oath, indeed! Thou never broke an oath!

Curius: What use to parley with a woman?

Fulvia: None. (To the litter-bearers.) Take up the litter.

Curius: Stay! Be not angry with me, sweet one.

Fulvia: I am not angry with ~~you~~. thee.

Curius: Sometime I will tell ~~you~~. thee.

Fulvia: I care not if ~~you do~~ thou dost. It is naught to me.

Curius: Nay, say not so.

Fulvia: Why ~~do you~~ dost thou detain me? The night is nearly gone. I am weary.

Curius: Perhaps I will tell thee now.

Fulvia: Thou wouldst better not confide in Fulvia. Her babbling tongue will soon betray thy plot.

Curius: Plot! What plot?

Fulvia: Thou innocent! But Fulvia knows more of thy doings than thou thinkest.

Curius: I know not what thou meanest.

Fulvia: Come! Tell me, Quintus! Thou say'st 'tis a conspiracy.

Curius: I said not that!

Fulvia: But thou art under oath. Now listen, Quintus! This I know. This night, with many others, thou met at Marcus Laeca's house. Statilius was there, and Lucius Vargunteius; and of what went on within, I know more than thou thinkest. Why ~~stand you~~ standest thou idling here? If all thy companions are as indolent as thou, you will accomplish nothing.

Curius: Nay, Fulvia! this very night shall Cicero be slain.

Fulvia: Cicero! What? Marcus Tullius? the consul?

Curius: Aye. Who else?

Fulvia: 'Tis a bold deed.

Curius: And worthy of the doers.

Fulvia: Who are the doers?

Curius: Caius Cornelius and Lucius Vargunteius. This morning shall they call upon the consul before his clients come. Then, presto! the deed is done.

Fulvia: Who is the leader in this plot?

Curius: The great Catiline. Who else could form so bold a plan?

Fulvia: Well, Quintus, surely thou hast some part to perform. Thou wouldst better be about it.

Curius: Thou sayest truly. Fare thee well, my Fulvia.

Fulvia: Farewell. (Exit Curius.) (To slave -) Hast thou a tablet, boy? (Boy gives her tablet; she writes; hands it to him.) Here! Take this to the consul, and hasten as thou lovest thy life. And listen! Give it to no hand but his! Dost hear? Now haste! Make haste! (Exit slave.) (Exit Fulvia.) (Enter assassins from other side.)

Vargunteius: Did'st see who was borne in the litter?

Cornelius: Nay, but methinks 'twas Fulvia. I do not trust the woman. Curius is but wax within her hands.

Vargunteius: If she hath talked with him, our appearance may put meaning in some idle word of his. 'Twill be safer to go around another way. (Turn back.) I fear me this delay will prove fatal to our cause. (Exeunt.) (Curtain.)

time that I dare take this. Then wilt thou not, are we to break my oath?

Pulvia: Thy oath, indeed! Upon never-more-to-be-an oath!

Curtius: What use to quarrel with a woman?

Pulvia: None. (To the litter-bearers.) Take up the litter.

Curtius: Stay! Be not angry with me, sweet one.

Pulvia: I am not angry with you.

Curtius: Sometime I will tell you.

Pulvia: I care not if you do. It is naught to me.

Curtius: Nay, may not so.

Pulvia: Why do you detain me? The night is nearly gone. I am weary.

Curtius: Perhaps I will tell thee yet.

Pulvia: Then wouldst better not confide in Pulvia, her babbling tongue will soon betray thy plot.

Curtius: Plot! What plot?

Pulvia: Thou innocent! But Pulvia knows more of thy doings than thou thinkest.

Curtius: I know not what thou mean.

Pulvia: Come! Tell me, quickly! Thou secret with a company.

Curtius: I said not that!

Pulvia: But thou art under oath. Now listen, quickly! This I know. This night, with many others, thou met at Marcus Iaeon's house. Statilius was there, and Lucius Vergunteius; and of what went on within, I know more than you think. Why stand you idling here? If all thy companions are as indolent as thou, you will accomplish nothing.

Curtius: Nay, Pulvia! This very night shall Cicero be slain.

Pulvia: Cicero! What? Marcus Tullius the consul?

Curtius: Aye, who else?

Pulvia: 'Tis a bold deed.

Curtius: And worthy of the doers.

Pulvia: Who are the doers?

Curtius: Gaius Cornelius and Lucius Vergunteius. Then morning shall they call upon the consul before his clients come. Then, presto! the deed is done.

Pulvia: Who is the leader in this plot?

Curtius: The great Catiline. The wise consul fears so bold a plan?

Pulvia: Well, Curtius, surely thou must come pale to perform. Thou wouldst better be about it.

Curtius: Then answer truly. Fare thee well, my Pulvia.

Pulvia: Farewell. (Exit Curtius.) (To [illegible]) Hast thou a tablet, boy? (Boy gives her tablet, she writes; hands it to him.) Here! Take this to the consul, and deliver me from lovest thy life. And listen! Give it to no hand but his! Dost hear? Now hurry! Make haste! (Exit slave. Exit Pulvia.) (Minister assembles from other side.)

Vergunteius: Didst see who was before in the litter?

Cornelius: Nay, but methinks 'twas Pulvia. I do not trust the woman. Curtius is big was within her house.

Vergunteius: If she hath talked with him, our appearance may put meaning in some idle word of his. Pulvia be safer to go around another way. (From [illegible]) Surely the delay will [illegible]

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene III.- Atrium of Cicero's House.

(Enter Lucas and boy.) Lucas: Yes, yes, I shall summon my master, boy, since by thy orders thou must give it to his hand. (Exit Lucas.) (Enter Cicero.)

Cicero: Hast a message for me?

Boy: My mistress, Fulvia, bideth me give thee this.

Cicero: Another note from Fulvia? It must be urgent news that bringeth thee at this hour. (Waves boy away and reads.) "Fulvia to Marcus Tullius Cicero. Greetings. At instigation of Catiline, Varguntius and Cornelius will come to thy house before the clients this morning with full determination to kill thee. Guard a life so precious to Rome. Farewell." Can this be? Yet 'tis what I feared and Fulvia hath never yet sent idle gossip. Before my clients come! And now the dawn is breaking! We must haste. What ho! Lucas! ho! (Enter slave.) Bring hither the captain of the guard. Speed! (Exit slave.) I shall write Atticus to bring a company of our friends to support me. He will not fail me! (Writes on tablets.) (Enter slave and captain.) (To slave-) Take this to Atticus, fast as the gods will let thee fly! Away! (Exit slave.) (To captain -) Close the doors, and allow no one to enter until these friends for whom I have sent arrive. When they are come, attend me here with four men, having orders to beware of Varguntius and Cornelius. Let them be ready to obey my orders. Dost understand?

Captain: I do, most excellent.

Cicero: It is well. (Exit captain.) (Aside.) How many times wilt thou raise thy hand against me with intent to kill, O Catiline? Beware, the end is not yet. The plot thickeneth around thee. But a little more, and vengeance falleth on thy unhappy head and Rome's persecutions be ended. (Enter Terrentia and later Tullia.) I greet thee, Terrentia. Thou art the first to bid thy husband "Good Morrow".

Terrentia: What troubleth thee, my lord? What meaneth this strange confusion? the door closed to thy clients, the captain odering out the guard? My heart telleth me thou art in danger, Marcus. What hath befallen?

Cicero: Calm thyself, dear lady. I have had timely warning of a plot against my life and have prepared all things to frustrate it. I have sent for Atticus --

Terrentia: The gods be praised thy Atticus is here!

Cicero: And other friends. My Terrentia, I would have spared thee this.

Terrentia: Nay, Marcus, it is better I should know. I am but a woman with a woman's fears, yet, perchance, I may help thee through this strain. I am calm, for do I not know thee? Have I not faith in the care of Rome's great deities over her protector? I commend thee to the immortal gods! (Exit Terrentia and Tullia.) (Enter slave with toga.) (Enter soldiers and station themselves around the room.) (Enter Lucas with Cicero's friends.)

Cicero: Welcome, my faithful friends.

All: Greetings most noble Cicero.

Atticus: What means this awful news?

Cicero: I know no more than what I told thee. We shall see. Atticus, a word with thee. (Withdraw.)

First Friend (To second.) Hast thou heard that suspicious forces of men are gathering in various parts of Hither Gaul?

(Enter Lucea and boy. Lucea [illegible] my master, boy, since by thy order [illegible] hand. (Exit Lucea.) (Enter Cicero.)

Cicero: Hast a message [illegible]

Boy: My mistress, [illegible]

Cicero: Another [illegible] messenger here that bringeth [illegible] made.) "Tullia to Marcus Tullius [illegible] ration of Catiline, Verguntius and [illegible] be-fore the citizens this morning [illegible] hill these. Guard a life so precious [illegible] this be? Yet 'tis what I feared and [illegible] gos-ip. Before my citizens come! And [illegible] meet haste. What ho! Lucea! ho! (Enter Lucea.) [illegible] captain of the guard. [illegible] (Exit Lucea.) I shall write Atti-cus to bring a company of our friends [illegible] me, He will not fail me! (Writes on tablets.) (Enter slave-[illegible] captain.) (To slave-) Take this to Atticus, [illegible] will let thee fly! Away! (Exit slave.) (To captain-) Close the doors, and allow no one to enter until these friends for whom I have sent arrive. When they are come, attend me here with four men, having orders to beware of Verguntius and Catiline, let them be ready to obey my orders. Dost understand?

Captain: I do, most excellent.

Cicero: It is well. (Exit captain.) (Aside.) How many times will thou raise thy hand against me with intent to kill, O Catiline? Beware, the end is [illegible] the point unlocketh a-bound thee. But a little [illegible] on thy un-happy head and Rome's [illegible] Terentia and later Tullia.) [illegible] but the first to bid thy husband [illegible]

Terentia: What [illegible] meaneth this strange confusion? [illegible] the captain [illegible] out the guards [illegible] in danger, [illegible]

Cicero: Calm thyself [illegible] friendly warning of a plot against my life [illegible] to trans-trate it. I have sent [illegible]

Terentia: The gods [illegible] here;

Cicero: And other friends [illegible] would have spared thee this.

Terentia: Nay, Marcus, it is better I should know. I am but a woman with a woman's fears, yet, perchance, I may help thee through this struggle. I am calm. For me [illegible] know thee? Have I not faith in the care of Rome's guard [illegible] over her protector? I commend thee to the immortal gods. (Exit Terentia and Tullia.) (Enter slave with torch.) (Tries [illegible] sta-tion themselves around the room.) (Enter [illegible] with Cicero's friends.)

Cicero: Welcome, my faithful friends.

All: Greetings, most noble Cicero.

Atticus: What means this sudden [illegible]

Cicero: I know no more than when I told thee. We shall see. Atticus, a word with thee. (Whispers.)

First Friend: To second that [illegible] suspicious

Scene III. (Second Part.)

Second Friend: I have heard some such rumor. Dost think it has aught to do with Manlius' recent departure to Faesulae?

First Friend: I should not swear that it has not. Yet wherefore - (Enter assassins.) The murders, themselves! (The friends gather around Cicero. Atticus motions conspirators to move nearer. They come forward, and as they draw their daggers, soldiers arrest them with drawn swords.)

Captain: What are thy orders, most noble Cicero?

Cicero: Bid them depart. I fear them not. The gods watch over Rome.

(Curtain.)

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene IV. - The Senate in Session.

(Enter Catiline.) (Senators withdraw from seats near him.) (Cicero delivers "First Oration"--) Cicero: When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the nigh guards placed on the Palatine Hill-- do not the watches posted through-out the city-- does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men-- does not the precaution taken of assembling the Senate in this most defensible place-- do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect on you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which everyone here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before-- where is it that you were-- who was there that you summoned to meet you-- what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted? ...

Shame on the age and its principles! The Senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the Senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head. ...

For we are in possession of a decree of the Senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment -- buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live -- and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity. ...

I wish, O Conscript Fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of these enemies, we see within the wall -- ay, and even in the Senate -- planning every day some internal injury to the republic. ...

As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusted guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the Republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For, what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls-- if everything is seen and displayed?

You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I do not only hear, but which I do see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene IV. (Second Part.)

the destruction of the Republic. I say that you came that night — I will say nothing obscurely — into the Scythe-Sellers' street, to the house of Marcus Laeca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there, too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the Senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? What constitution is ours? There are here — here in our body, O Conscript Fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world — men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world.

I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the Republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were then, O Catiline, at Laeca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time. ...

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart: that Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer — I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the Republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man.

...

Be gone from the city, O Catiline; deliver the Republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? ...

Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men? They permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words when you see their wishes in their silence?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellius, before this time the Senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. ...

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene IV. (Third Part.)

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained, fortune has perserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exhault! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man. ...

Now that I may remove and avert, O Conscript Fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully, to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life -- if all Italy -- if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens, Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the right of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your actions, of no ancestral renoun, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow--citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O Conscript Fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to even so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see

The conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene IV. (Third part.)

You will go at last where your unbridled and [illegible] have long burrying you. And this cause you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never desired any but a hopeless one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope, not to

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man.

Upon that I may remove and avert, O Conscript Fathers, any the least reasonable complaint from myself, I hereby, you, generally, to what I say, and lay it up in your immortal and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life — if all Italy — if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart when you have ascertained to be an enemy? when you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hindrance you? is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the right of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing true gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then overwhelmed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O Conscript Fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me yet even so great a danger, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene IV. (Fourth Part.)

what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him, would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were to be put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils. ...

Wherefore, O Conscript Fathers, let the worthless be gone -- let them separate themselves from the good -- let them collect in one place — let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house— to surround the tribunal of the city praetor-- to besiege the senate-house with swords-- to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let, it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic. ...

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your alters, and from the other temples-- from the houses and walls of the city-- from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

Catiline: Conscript Fathers I do not rise to waste the night in words. Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade! But here I stand for right — for right of mighty Rome. Though I am here alone, since none of ye support me, cringing dogs, yet am I unafraid of him! Let him show proofs! I dare him! Pooh. he knows his charge is false. Yet behold the vipers ruling Rome! No wonder righteous men despair of justice now! So come ye consecrated Lictors, leave your thrones! (To the Senate -) Fling down your sceptres, take your rod and ax and make the murder as you make the law! Banished from Rome, ye say! Nay, but set free from that chain of allegiance ever galling! Thank you for its breaking — now my sword's my own! I scoff you and defy you! My hatred makes you smile my lords this night? But wait — you think your consul's merciful! (Scorn.) Truly he is since he dares not touch one hair of Catiline's head.

(Cries of "Traitor" "Traitor") Traitor! I go, but I return! My wrongs would stir a fever in the blood of age or make an infant's sinews strong as steel! This day marks the birth of your sorrow, my lords! Look to your hearths, where horrid forms, —

The Conspiracy of Catiline

Scene IV. (Fourth Part.)

What! Protestors, or disorderly what they do [illegible] have led the mob of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it? Catiline by whose authority [illegible] and have not violence but only [illegible], I punished him, would say that I had acted cruelly [illegible] cally. But I know that it is always at the cost [illegible] which he is going, there will [illegible] that there has been a conspiracy, no one so [illegible] confess it. But if this man alone were to be [illegible] know that this disease of the republic would be only [illegible] for a while, not eradicated forever. [illegible] and taken with his all his friends, [illegible] all the ruined [illegible] full-grown plague of the republic [illegible] ed, but also the root and seed of [illegible]

Therefore, O conscript fathers, [illegible] let them separate themselves from the [illegible] in one place — let them, as I have said [illegible] separated from us by a wall, [illegible] consul in his own house — [illegible] prætors — to besiege the conspirators with [illegible] hands and bombs to burn the city; lastly, [illegible] tar on the brow of every citizen who has [illegible] the republic. ...

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and infectious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his associates from your altars, and from the other temples — from the houses and walls of the city — from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men united together in treaty and infamous alliance in crime, dead and living, with eternal punishments.

Catiline: I do not [illegible] that Plautian law, this not [illegible] night — for night or midnight [illegible] minds more of ye support me, [illegible] that let him show proofed I have that [illegible] in Latin. Yet behold the [illegible] some man capable of [illegible] leave your tribunal (To the Senate [illegible] take your rod and ax and take the [illegible]

Banished from Rome, ye say! Say, [illegible] of allegiance ever [illegible] my avowal of my own I accept you [illegible] you smile in lords this night [illegible] ment's mortified! (Scorn.) Truly [illegible] one hair of Catiline's head.

(Cries of "traitor! traitor!) Traitor! [illegible] wrongs would sink a lever in the blood [illegible] fant's allows strong as steel! [illegible] sorrow, my lordal look to your [illegible]

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene IV. (Fifth Part.)

Treachery with thirsty dagger drawn, poisonous Suspicion and Rebellion bold will make a fiery sport of your rich thrones. Helpless, Anarchy will sieze you like the night and Massacre seal Rome's eternal grave! I go but when I come again no earthquake's shock bearing swift and mountainous ruin in its train will be one-half so dread as I! Fare you well! You build my funeral- pile, but your best blood shall quench its flame! (To the lictors, standing in the doorway -) Back slaves! (To all-) I will return! (Exit. Amid hisses of Senate.)

(Curtain.)

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene V. - The Forum, Deserted.

(Enter Cicero with his lictors, and Sanga.) Sanga: Thy mind is deeply troubled, my noble consul.

Cicero: I am depressed by the growing danger of Catiline's conspiracy. Its leaders belong to the oldest and the noblest families of Rome, and the people cannot be convinced of their guilt unless the evidence is positive and replete. Such evidence we lack. Hast thou thought, Sanga, that it needeth but little more to make Catiline's adherents strong enough to overthrow the state?

Sanga: The hour is a dark one for Rome. But I believe that the gods still watch over the city and will put in your hands the means of delivering it. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Galba and Vertico from other side.) Galba: The Forum is deserted. Is it not time for the Romans to bestir themselves from their mid-day slumber?

Vertico: Methinks it is yet somewhat early. They are given to eating too heartily of their dinners to arouse themselves before the afternoon is half gone. (Enter Umbrenus.)

Galba: Here is someone now. Hast thou not seen that face before? (Advancing.) Umbrenus, my friend, greetings to thee.

Umbrenus: Greetings my brave Galba and my valiant Vertico. Can it be possible that you are in Rome?

Vertico: (Laughing.) Nay, my Umbrenus, it is not we! I advise thee thou canst not trust thy eyes. Indeed thy eyes are not to be trusted, thou deceiving trader, as we too well learned at the harvest-time when thou wast in Gaul!

Umbrenus: Thou meanest I trade not fair. I deny it! Trade with me again and I shall disprove thy slander.

Vertico: Thou art a cute one.

Galba: Nay, nay! We came not to Rome to trade. Our business is a more serious one. We are burdened with the woes of our state.

Vertico: Else we should be sleeping like the rest of you. You lazy prigs!

U: Hath evil, then, fallen upon the brave Allobroges? Why do you bear it? You are a strong people: throw it off!

Vertico: We will throw it off! The yoke of the Romans hath grown too heavy! We are not slaves! Are we not the allies of Rome?

Umbrenus: You are, indeed!

Galba: Thou art a Roman and canst not brook our fierce words against thy state.

Umbrenus: Noble Gauls, say on. My heart is touched by your affliction.

Vertico: Our crops are trampled down lest we grow rich! Our villages are plundered that we may not forget what hand is laid upon us! Our neighbors are loaded with presents and flattery until there is not left in all Gaul a single friend to oppose our oppression! Our enemies are taught to heap insult upon insult that we may learn our degradation! --

Umbrenus: The shame of it! O Rome! Rome!

Vertico: Nothing is left us but debt! Every man is burdened with debt and the state is overwhelmed!

Umbrenus: What termination do you expect to such calamities

Vertico: Death! Ignominious death!

Galba: We had hoped much from some petitions that we

[illegible]

brought from our people, but they have failed. Yesterday Sanga, our country's patron, gave the first into the hands of the young Julius Caesar to present to the Senate, but the Conscript Fathers would have none of it. And today we sent a second and humbler one. It was likewise rejected and we were bidden to send no more.

Vertico: Your Senate is as merciless as your conquering cohorts. Would that we might die fighting for our liberty!

Galba: Umbrenus, we dare not rebel! Rome is all powerful. She hath mighty armies, vast wealth and exhaustless strength. We are poor and weak and helpless!

Umbrenus: Is there, then, no hope?

Galba: None.

Vertico: None! Not even the hope of an honorable death!

Umbrenus: Hark you, most noble Gauls. There is one way to deliver your country — just one.

Vertico: But name it and it shall be pursued, however disagreeable or difficult! Help us, Umbrenus! Free us but from the scourge of debt that afflicteth us!

Umbrenus: Then heed you well my words. You have already learned how vain it is to appeal to the inflexible government of Rome. Return you quickly to Gaul; incite your people to rebellion; raise an army; overthrow your Roman magistrates; cut off the few cohorts that parole your country; surprise the hostile strong-holds; and your old-time freedom and the land of your forefathers is your own once more.

Vertico: It shall be done!

Galba: Would that we might, Umbrenus! But I have told thee that we dare not rebel. It would be easy to rid ourselves of those who are over us in Gaul, but we know too well how swift and terrible would be the retribution! If the other tribes would awaken from their lethargy, lay aside their local jealousies, and make a common cause with us against a common enemy, Gaul could defy Rome and her invincible legions. But the thought is ~~vain~~ vain. There is no hope. All is dark, dark.

Umbrenus: Speak not of hopeless darkness! Your deliverance is at hand. Rome shall not send her legions against you when you have achieved the freedom of your country! Let me repeat it -- Rome shall not send her legions to crush you! She shall have other work to do! List you! not many leagues distant lieth an army of brave, true men. They will shortly march upon Rome and purge it of its tyrant Senate and the up-start usurpers who wield its mighty power. That will be your chance. Rise, strike down your oppoessors, and send horsemen quickly to our support. What we shall have begun, your forces joined with ours shall finish. Rome shall be redeemed. Her allies shall be accorded the freedom and the dignity that belong to the friends of a world-wide empire. The noble Allobroges shall commend the especial gratitude and favor of the Romans, for their aid in this glorious enterprise. The debts of your state shall be cancelled and its treasury shall be filled. Your people shall be made absolutely free and their name shall be accounted honorable during all time. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose. The fruits of victory shall be yours; Greed's hoarded gold shall be yours; revenge shall be yours; the reward of the brave shall be yours. And as for yourselves, you shall be the favo-

The Conspiracy of Patriots.

Scene V. (Second Part.)

brought from our ports, but they have failed. Yet [illegible] our country's nation, gave the first [illegible] of the young Julius Caesar [illegible] to the [illegible] the conspiracy [illegible] would have done of it. And today we [illegible] a second and further one. It was [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] no more.

Verticoo: Your Senate is an [illegible] ports, would that we might [illegible] for [illegible].

Galba: Unknown, we dare not [illegible] home in [illegible]. She hath mighty armies, vast wealth and [illegible] strength, are poor and weak and helpless!

Unknown: In there, then, no [illegible]?

Galba: None.

Verticoo: None! Not even the hope of an honorable peace!

Unknown: Hark you, monstrous [illegible]. There is one way to deliver your country — just one.

Verticoo: But make it and it shall be granted, [illegible] crossing or difficult! Help us, Unknown! Free us but from the scourge of debt that afflicteth us!

Unknown: Then need you call my words. You have already learned how vain it is to appeal to the intuitable government of Rome. Return you quickly to Gaul; invite your people to [illegible] tion; raise an army; overthrow your Roman oppressors; cut off the few cohorts that [illegible] your country; surprise the northern strong-holds; and your old-time freedom and the land of your forefathers is your own once more.

Verticoo: It shall be done!

Galba: Would that [illegible]. Unknown! Not I have told thee that we dare not [illegible]. It would be easy to rid ourselves of those who [illegible] over us in Gaul. But we know too well how swift and terrible would be the retribution! If the other tribes would [illegible] over their [illegible], [illegible] their [illegible] ovaries, and [illegible] a council [illegible] with [illegible] Gaul could defy Rome and her invincible legions. But [illegible] thought is [illegible]. [illegible] is [illegible].

Unknown: [illegible] Rome [illegible] is at hand. Rome shall not hold her [illegible] anything. You [illegible] you have achieved the freedom of your country! Let [illegible] — Rome shall not send her legions to crush you! She shall have other work to do! Hark you, [illegible] army of [illegible], true men. They will [illegible] from Rome and [illegible] the [illegible] Senate and the [illegible] would its mighty power. That will be your [illegible], [illegible] down your oppressors, and send [illegible] in our support! What we shall have begun, your forces [illegible] with [illegible] finish. Rome shall be redeemed. Her [illegible] shall be [illegible] the freedom and the dignity that [illegible] world-wide empire. The noble Allobroges shall [illegible] civil [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] glorious [illegible]. The [illegible] of your [illegible] and its treasure shall be filled. Your [illegible] solutely free and their [illegible] shall be [illegible] all time. There is [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] of victory shall be young; [illegible] shall be young; [illegible] shall be young. And [illegible] shall be [illegible]

rites of a grateful people. Will you join us in this undertaking?

Vertico: We will! We will! Thou knowest we will!

Umbrenus: It will be best, then, for you to return to Gaul immediately. Our forces will make the attack soon.

Galba: Tell us, first, of your leaders and your strength that we may convince our people 'tis not a perilous undertaking.

Umbrenus: Thou speakest well. Our leader is the noble Catiline, whose brillant thought and untiring energy overcometh every difficulty. Lentulus, who was lately consul and now is praetor, directeth our interests here at Rome ably seconded by Cethegus. We are supported by Crassus, a patrician of vast wealth and influence, who overthrew the formidable army of the Thracian Spartacus, and held the consulship with Rome's great Pompey. We have the countenance of Julius Caesar, that other brilliant patrician whose abilities have raised him even to the office of Pontifex Maximus, though scarcely thirty past, and which mark him as the foremost Roman of his age, with the exception of our own incomparable Catiline. Our rolls are bright with the illustrious names of Rome, -- I must not take the time to tell them all.

Our strength is great. The whole people are animated by a common desire to free themselves of our tyrants. We need but a little added strength -- the strength that your nation shall furnish us -- to show them that in us lies the power to deliver them and to bring them all to our support. There is no army in Italy to oppose us. The tyrants have no general fit to command an army except Pompey, and he is occupied in the far East.

Galba: It seems that Catiline must succeed unless traitors betray the cause.

Umbrenus: Traitors! Thou dost not know our Catiline's power over men or thou would'st not think of traitors. His generous interest attacheth men to him so closely that his slightest wishes become their law. Would'st thou be convinced of their devotion? Know, then, that when the Senate offered rewards to any who would give information about the conspiracy, not one betrayed the sacred confidence of his leader. When the Senate promised protection to any that would lay down their arms --

Galba: Dost thou speak of the Senate? Doth it know what you intend?

Umbrenus: I did not say the Senate knew, but if it knew --

Vertico: Thou liest!

Umbrenus: What! Forgetest thou to whom thou speakest? Slave! Dog! (Draws dagger.)

Vertico: A puny Roman! I defy thee!

Galba: Desist! Desist! My friends, you are too hasty. Vertico, forgetest thou the freedom of thy beloved Gaul! Umbrenus, forgetest thou the triumph of thy noble cause! Doth not our success depend upon co-operation, and shall we ruin the hopes of two brave people for one little, mistaken word?

Vertico: I beg thy pardon for my grevious fault.

Umbrenus: Thou hast it freely.

Galba: Would it not be well for us to have some promise from the noble Catiline to carry to our people? Or hast thy leader here the power to treat with us?

Umbrenus: I will go in search of Lentulus immediately and

bring him to you. Will you remain here till I return?

Galba: Yes, right here.

Vertico: Though thou be gone a hundred years. (Exit Umbrenus.) O Galba! my brother! we shall be free!

Galba: Is it well that we shall do this thing? Will it not be better to wait a little?

Vertico: Wait! ~~You~~ Thou would wait a little? ~~You~~ Thou dost hesitate? Is it not our force that shall make the success of the revolution absolutely certain? If we delay, will it not arrive too late and the illustrious Catiline fail? And then, we, having rebelled, not only shall lose the little freedom that is ours but shall be utterly crushed. Doth not thy conscience smite thee that thou delayest!

Galba: Thy ardor is greater than thy judgement, Vertico. Tell me, what if our force arrive too late though we pledge ourselves today?

Vertico: It cannot.

Galba: Cannot! Why?

Vertico: They will wait for it. They must wait for it!

Galba: Thinkest thou that they can choose their own time for the contest? The conspiracy is not unknown to the state -- thou hast not forgotten so quickly the truth that Umbrenus tried to conceal that the Senate is not in ignorance of the plot. Will not the state overthrow them with one quick, sure blow when they the least expect it?

Vertico: It can never overthrow them. Its strength is gone.

Galba: If Rome is weak, why do the conspirators seek our aid? Why do they offer such alluring terms if their need is not a pressing one? Nay, Vertico, Rome still hath mighty strength. In a few more hours she will shake this viper's fangs from her flesh. And then, if we be too late --

Vertico: Words cannot name the fate that shall be ours! It is a hazard! But can we let this one chance pass without raising a single hand for our liberties when there is no other hope? We might succeed.

Galba: We have no guarantee that Catiline would keep his promise, if we should succeed. We should not be strong enough to compel its fulfilment. It doth not seem probable that this promise would be any more faithfully kept than other promises have been that other Romans have made -- that a conqueror whose only principle is his vagrant fancy would be any more faithful than a state that maintaineth a semblance of law and justice. Only Catiline's integrity would make him keep his promise. What know we of his character? Shall we trust the representations of conspirators whose interests and lives depend upon the success of the project? Vertico, shall we risk our all when failure meaneth our extermination and success may not secure us our liberty or even preserve to us what we have?

Vertico: No, no! Galba. Thou hast convinced me that the hazard is too great.

Galba: What reply shall we make when Umbrenus returneth? (Enter Sanga.)

Vertico: There is Sanga, our worthy patron. Let us ask him

Galba: But let us not put the question too hastily.

Sanga: (Approaching.) When do you return, my Gauls?

Vertico: It matters little, now. We should be speeding home

The conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene V. (Fourth part.)

bring him to you. Will you remain here till I return?

Galba: Yes, right here.

Vertico: Though thou be gone a hundred years. (Exit Umbre-
nus.) O Galba! my brother! we shall be free!

Galba: Is it well that we shall do this thing? Will it not
be better to wait a little?

Vertico: Wait! You would wait a little? You hesitate? Is
it not our force that shall make the success of the revolution
absolutely certain? If we delay, will it not arrive too late?
and the illustrious Catiline fail? And then, we, having rebelled,
not only shall lose the little freedom that is ours but shall
be utterly crushed. Doth not thy conscience smite thee that
thou delayest!

Galba: Thy ardor is greater than thy judgement, Vertico.
Tell me, what if our force arrive too late though we pledge our-
selves today?

Vertico: It cannot.

Galba: Cannot! Why?

Vertico: They will wait for it. They must wait for it!

Galba: Thinkest thou that they can choose their own time
for the contest? The conspiracy is not unknown to the state —
thou must not forgetten so quickly the truth that Umbrenus tried
to conceal that the Senate is not in ignorance of the plot. Will
not the state overthrow them with one quick, sure blow when they
the least expect it?

Vertico: It can never overthrow them. Its strength is gone.

Galba: If Rome is weak, why do the conspirators seek our
aid? Why do they offer such alluring terms if their need is not
a pressing one? Nay, Vertico, Rome still [illegible] strength.
In a few more hours she will shake this [illegible] from her
flesh. And then, if we be too late —

Vertico: Words cannot make the fate which shall be ours! It
is a hazard! But can we let this one chance pass without risking
a single hand for our liberties when there is no other hope? We
might succeed.

Galba: We have no guarantee that Catiline would keep his
promise, if we should succeed. We should not be strong enough to
compel its fulfillment. It doth not seem probable that this pro-
mise would be any more faithfully kept than other promises have
been that other Romans have made — that a conqueror whose only
principle is his vagrant fancy would be any more faithful than
a state that maintaineth a semblance of law and justice. Only
Catiline's integrity would make him keep his promise. What know
we of his character? Shall we trust the representations of con-
spirators whose interests and lives depend upon the success of
the project? Vertico, shall we risk our all when failure means
our extermination and success may not secure us our liberty or
even preserve to us what we have?

Vertico: No, no! Galba. Thou hast convinced me that the
hazard is too great.

Galba: What reply shall we make when Umbrenus returns?
(Enter Sanga.)

Vertico: There is Sanga, our worthy patron. Let us ask him

Galba: But let us not put the question too hastily.

Sanga: (Approaching.) When do you return, my Galba?

Vertico: It matters little, now. We should be speaking non

ward already, had the Senate granted our petitions. We should wait here gladly were there any hope that our requests would be heard.

Sanga: Our Senate cannot now be troubled by your petitions. Its august attention is occupied by the preservation of the public safety.

Galba: Who is this Catiline who conspireth against the state?

Sanga: A cunning profligate who maketh the prodigal and the criminal his companions and accomplices. He seeketh out young men of unblemished character and attracteth them by his smooth words and open generosity. Subtilely he draweth them downward, step by step, always hiding the evil under a semblance of good, dulling their sensibilities and stripping them of honor, conscience, and character. At last their hands are stained with innocent blood and they are ready for any deed. That is the man who talketh of redeeming Rome!

Galba: Methinks there is a moral slavery that is far, far worse than the most degraded physical servitude.

Vertico: Thou'rt right! We dare not trust our liberties to such a man. His promises are tricks.

Sanga: Speak you of Catiline? Surely you would not so far wrong Rome as to think of joining any plot against her?

Galba: Fear not, noble Sanga. We will not be untrue to our allegiance.

Sanga: But what meaneth your interest in this arch traitor?

Vertico: Thou art poor at guessing. Thinkest thou that Catiline seeketh out only your young men to try to turn them from the path of right and honor?

Galba: One Umbrenus, a trader who hath often visited us in Gaul, approached us but now, and in fair language spoke of better things for Gaul and Rome. And we, because we did not understand at first his meaning and because some spell seemed holding us, permitted him to unfold Catiline's ignoble purpose. When he had gone, we realized how greatly we had erred. Umbrenus will return anon, with other members of the conspiracy, and we are pondering how to answer them.

Sanga: Your conduct hath been most unworthy the friends of Rome, yet will a Roman not refuse you counsel. From what thou hast said, Galba, I do believe that your folly can be turned into an opportunity to do a signal favor to the state. Rome hath had to be severe with the Gauls because she could not trust them Now hath come the test of your fidelity. If you will prove yourselves true to the interests of Rome, she will show her gratitude magnanimously.

Galba: Sanga, if thou wilt, tell us how we may win the indulgence of the state for our poor country.

Sanga: Before I reveal the plan that hath flashed into my mind, I must speak to our noble consul and receive his orders. Hist! the lictors! Our illustrious leader cometh. Wait you and I will speak to him at once. (Goes to Cicero and they engage in conversation.)

Vertico: Now are we no longer men since we must beg and cringe for the favor of hated foreigners, and dare not fight for liberty.

Galba: O my brother! I would that it were otherwise! But

[illegible]

otherwise it cannot be! This must we do or die.

(Cicero and Sanga approach.) Cicero: Greetings, my noble Gauls. Sanga hath told men your news. I will be frank with you, and say that I believe ye have it in your power to furnish convincing proof of the guilt of these malcontents. Pretend to join fully in their plot, and obtain ye some statement of their purpose with the signatures of the leaders. The leaders in this mischief once removed, the greater part of their misguided followers will soon forsake the cause. Keep us informed of all that is said and done. This signal favor will command all considerations for your state; and for yourselves, great honors and the love of Rome.

Vertico: Noble Cicero, we will do as thou hast directed.

Galba: Shall we seek also the signatures of Crassus and Caesar who have lent their great influence to this enterprise?

Cicero: Crassus and Caesar! They have no part in this conspiracy against the state! I know all engaged in this plot.

Sanga: Such slanders on the truest men in Rome show to what base means these conspirators resort to prop their uncertain strength. We shall leave you now lest the conspirators come and find us here. Fare ye well. (Exeunt lictors, Cicero and Sanga.)

Galba: Be thou discreet lest thou betray us.

Vertico: I will remember.

(Enter Umbrenus, Lentulus and Cethegus.) Umbrenus: I bring Lentulus to you and also Cethegus.

Lentulus: We greet you in the name of liberty.

Galba: In the same fair name, we return your greeting.

Lentulus: Publius Umbrenus hath spoken to us at length concerning his interview with you. We confirm everything he said. (Enter Statilius and Cassius.)

Cethegus: (To Statilius and Cassius -) Come! Come! Now we set the seal on the liberties of Rome.

Lentulus: Are you ready, Guals, to bind yourselves by oath to support us?

Vertico: We are ready.

Galba: Would it be well to commit our pledges to writing, and yours also?

Lentulus: I see no need to write them.

Galba: There is a need. Most noble Lentulus, count me thy meanest slave and tell me if I may speak a truth that, I fear, must offend thee deeply, but which is of importance to thee.

Lentulus: I would not be interrupted. You said you were ready for the oaths.

Cethegus: Thou talkest as if the world were thine to command, Lentulus. Oh! I forgot that thou art the third Cornelius. The Gauls must be told that pretty story.

Umbrenus: I pray thee, permit Galba to speak. His words are always wise.

Lentulus: Say on then, Gaul, since these would listen.

Galba: Most excellent Roman, thy servant blushes for the baseness of his people. They will believe that you seek the overthrow of tyranny and establishment of freedom; they will believe that you have asked their aid, and that their own liberty is to be won only by uniting with you against our common enemy; but they will not believe that you mean to keep your promises to them unless you send them some convincing token of your sincer-

ity. Forgive the insult, noble sirs! They know no Romans except the faithless creatures of your tyrants. Our words alone cannot convince them that you are wholly different. They will not sacrifice themselves to support you unless you give them written assurance that they shall receive their liberty.

Lentulus: These are the words of wisdom! What think you of them, Romans?

Stitilius: There may be reason in them.

Cethegus: Let's write our pledges. What's the odds! You waste too many opportunities through hesitation. 'Tis not deliberation that we need in this bold enterprise, but action.

Lentulus: But it might be over-venturesome.

Cethegus: Thou art spiteful, Lentulus. Thou dost wrong our friends. I, for one, will give my oath in writing, sign it in big letters with my name, and affix my seal thereto.

Cassius: I crave your pardon for my hasty leave, but this moment an engagement demands me at the Baths. My noble Gauls, I shall go soon to your country, and give my oath in person. Farewell. (Withdraws.)

Lentulus: Hold, Cassius! Cassius, ho!

Cassius: I'm in an exceeding hurry! (Exit.)

Vertico: (Aside.) Thou art too shrewd, Cassius, to be caught in the trap that is laid for thee.

Lentulus: He's gone! Umbrenus, do thou go in his stead and bid Titus Volturcius come to me. I have a message for Catiline, and I believe that Volturcius, having but lately joined us, can convey it with the least chance of discovery.

Umbrenus: I go, most noble Lentulus.

Cethegus: The oaths! Come, let us away for parchment.

Lentulus: But Cethegus --

Cethegus: No "buts" about it, my third Cornelius. Thou can'st not afford to parley thus when our success depends upon the aid of the Gauls. If I had charge of affairs in Rome, I should send our friends to Catiline that they may have the stronger representations to make to their people, and that our noble Catiline may be encouraged by their pledges. They could accompany Volturcius, -- why not? Why not tell them what we are about to do, -- what city we shall burn and what citizens we shall massacre, -- that their enthusiasm may equal ours?

Lentulus: Thou ever hast thy way, Cethegus. It shall be as thou sayest. To my house then, all of you.

(Curtain.)

The Conspiracy of Galliano

Scene VI.—Airport of Santa Eulalia [illegible]

(Enter Footlings, one of the Investors to whom [illegible] introducing the captain of the lighters of the expedition [illegible] waiting for the bridge lowering should [illegible] before him and listening for [illegible] of Voltmeiers.) Footlings (to himself) — [illegible]

(Footlings turns back only to [illegible] small body of soldiery, he takes [illegible] pointing with his sword to the [illegible] them consecutively therein. When the [illegible] disposed of, he retraces his steps [illegible] and, shading his eyes with his [illegible] from which he sees. Then he [illegible] a white beard and waves it up and down [illegible] side twice. After this he [illegible] associate director, Jacinto Valentia [illegible] disposes them at that end of the [illegible] This being done Fiscoma [illegible] be to the gods, all things are [illegible] to thy men merely [illegible] assured by Voltmeiers and that [illegible] bloodshed, especially among the [illegible] in time!

Footlings: They do, by [illegible] is to give the signal blast when our [illegible] of the bridge. So their address to the [illegible] for I shall be nothing but [illegible] Rosen and his burden. Hard [illegible] piece!

(Now the heard commanded soldiery [illegible] the looked for party of citizens, Voltmeiers and [illegible] Rosen, working his slender way among them [illegible] ing, and leaving their troops behind [illegible] feet) Footlings (from some the Bailie [illegible] season, when the usually [illegible] the bridge, a horn is blown loudly and [illegible] front and rear, Footlings, they [illegible] guided by the prudent [illegible] Fiscoma makes his way [illegible] assisting the [illegible] Valentia and the [illegible] front (consequent for [illegible] and leading the [illegible] have been [illegible] his sword on the [illegible] memory.) Voltmeiers: [illegible] I [illegible]

Footlings: The lighters [illegible] point at Voltmeiers [illegible] fish [illegible] Footlings, [illegible] both hand, the [illegible]

[illegible]

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene VII. - The Senate in Session.

(Enter Cicero. The Senators rise and greet him.) Cicero: It is a grave matter that I have to bring before you today, O Conscript Fathers, but one, I feel assured, with which we are fully able to cope. (To soldiers -) Bring hither Titus Volturcius. (Enter soldiers with Volturcius.) Most noble Volturcius, we greet thee, and much regret that we must detain thee from thy visit to Gaul; but our interest is such in thy affairs that we would inquire of thee concerning them. First, we would ask thee the cause of thy hasty journey.

Volturcius: I - I am called to visit my farm in Etruria.

Cicero: But the cause of thy haste, Volturcius? Are thy crops failing?

Volturcius : Yesterday, a messenger brought me word that my little son lay grievously ill.

Cicero: 'Tis sad indeed, but passing strange, for 'twas but yesterday I saw thy son within the city walls.

Volturcius: Nay, I did mean my eldest son.

Cicero: And thy retinue? Ver't all physicians? How chanced it that these Gauls accompanied thee?

Volturcius: Most noble consul, they did beg for my protection on the way.

Cicero: Indeed! Thou did'st most valiantly bestow it upon the Mulvian bridge. But how camest thou in posession of these letters?

Volturcius: They belonged to my Gallic friends. I did but carry them.

Cicero: Enough of this, Volturcius! It is useless for thee to prevaricate. The Senate hath certain information concerning these matters; and now will it grant thy life if thou wilt speak the truth. (To Senate -)Is anyone opposed? Then mayest thou consider that we grant thee public faith. And now, Volturcius, tell us thy part in this conspiracy. By the immortal gods I adjure thee, speak the truth.

Volturcius: Dost promise me my life?

Cicero: We have said. Thou need'st fear nothing.

Volturcius: But a few days since did Lucius Gabinius admit me to this conspiracy, and hence, I know but little of this matter. But this much is known to me. From Gabinius have I heard that Autronius, Servius Sulla, and Vargunteius were connected with this plot. But yesterday did Publius Lentulus send me with messages to Catiline, bidding him avail himself of the guard of slaves, and bring his army to Rome without delay. It was so arranged, that when they had set fire to the city on all sides, and had massacred the citizens, Catiline should be at hand to join his allies within the walls. In your sight, O Conscript Fathers, I swear by the immortal gods, I know no more. Remember, you have pledged me public faith.

Cicero: Thou mayest rest assured. (To soldiers -) Bring in the Gauls. (Enter soldiers with the Gauls.) The Senate doth put full trust in thee, most worthy Galba, and in thee, Vertico; and ye may speak freely and without fear. First, how came ye by these letters?

Galba: The letters that are now in thy posession, O most noble consul, were given us by Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius for our nation, as pledge of their good faith.

Cicero: What further messages were given thee?

The Conspiracy of Destiny.

Scene VII. - The Senate in Session.

(Enter Cicero, the Senators rise and greet him.) Cicero: It is a grave matter that I have to bring before you today, O conscript fathers, but one, I fear, against which we are fully able to cope. (To soldiers.) Bring hither the Volturcius. (Enter soldiers with Volturcius.) Just now Volturcius, we great thee, and upon request that he at dark deigns have upon thy visit to Gaul; but our interest is much in this matter. Let we would inquire of't be concerning it. First, we ask of thee the cause of thy hasty journey.

Volturcius: I - I am called to Gaul on [illegible]

Cicero: But the cause of thy [illegible]

Cicero Tullius?

Volturcius: Yesterday, a [illegible] that by little son lay grievously ill.

Cicero: Life and indeed, but [illegible] but yesterday I saw thy son within the city walls.

Volturcius: Nay, I did [illegible]

Cicero: And thy retinue! [illegible] it that these quite accompanied thee?

Volturcius: Most [illegible] accidentally [illegible] section on the way.

Cicero: Indeed! Know ye not [illegible] the Mulvian bridge. But [illegible] letters?

Volturcius: They belonged to my [illegible] sorry then.

Cicero: Enough of this. Volturcius, it is needless for thee to prevaricate. The Senate hath certain information concerning these matters, and now will it grant thy life if thou will speak the truth. (To Senate.) Is anyone convinced? Then suppose thou consider that we grant thee mercy. Volturcius, tell us the part in this conspiracy. By the immortal gods I adjure thee, speak the truth.

Volturcius: Dost provoke me to [illegible]

Cicero: We have said. Then read the letter aloud.

Volturcius: But a few days since did Lucius Catilina unfold to this conspiracy, and hence, I know not little more than [illegible] Rome. Then Catilina bade I meet [illegible] Servius Sulla and Publius Sertorius were connected with this plot. But yesterday did Publius Sertorius come to me with messages to Catilina, bidding me avoid Rome of the proscribed slaves, and bring his army to Rome without delay. I know no arranged, that when they had set fire to the city on the morrow, and had assassinated the citizens, Catilina should address to join his allies within the walls. In some [illegible] conspiracy Catiline, I swear by the immortal gods, I know no more. Remember, you have pledged me public faith.

Cicero: Thou lewd, [illegible] machine. (To soldiers.) Bring in the Gauls. (Enter soldiers with the Gauls.) The Senate doth put full trust in thee, [illegible] worthy Gallic, [illegible] you may speak freely and without fear. Know, [illegible] these letters?

Gallic: The letters that we bore in the [illegible] Roman gentlemen, were given us by Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius, for our protection, as pledge of their good faith.

Cicero: What further messages were given thee?

[illegible]

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene VII. (Second Part.)

Galba: These men that I have named,--

Vertico: And Lucius Gabinius.

Galba: did enjoin us to send forces into Italy as early as was possible. Cavalry did they especially desire. They themselves would furnish infantry.

Vertico: And Lentulus did assure us that the Sibylline oracles, and the sooth-sayers foretold that he should rule over the city, he being the third Cornelius, Cinna and Sulla having ruled before. And this, he said, was the destined year for the destruction of the city, it being the twentieth since the Capitol was burned. (Enter Sulpicius with arms.)

Cicero: The Senate gives ye thanks, my worthy Gauls. (To soldiers -) Bring in Cethegus. (Enter soldiers with Cethegus.) Dost know where we did find these weapons?

Cethegus: (After pause.) I do not deny that they were in my house. 'Tis a collection I have made. Fine arms are ever my delight.

Cicero: (Holds up letter.) Dost recognize this seal, Cethegus?

Cethegus: I do.

Cicero: (Breaks seal and reads.) "Gaius Cethegus, to the Senate and people of the Allobroges. Greetings. I do hereby swear that I will fulfil my promises made to your ambassadors, and I do enjoin upon you to fulfil the promises made by them." Gaius Cethegus, hast thou anything to say? (Cethegus remains silent.) (To soldiers -) Then bring in Statilius. (Enter soldiers with Statilius.) Is this thy seal, Statilius?

Statilius: It is .

Cicero: And this thy hand-writing?

Statilius: It is.

Cicero: (Reads.) "Lucius Statilius to the Senate and people of the Allobroges, sendeth greetings. I do hereby promise to fulfil all arrangements made with the ambassadors of your people." Dost thou admit thy guilt?

Statilius: Thou hast read my letter.

Cicero: It is enough. (To the soldiers -) Bring hither Lentulus. (Enter soldiers with Lentulus.) Dost thou recognize thy seal? (Lentulus nods assent.) 'Tis the likeness of thy grandfather. Even the silent image of that patriotic man should have called thee back from such a crime. (Reads.)"Publius Cornelius Lentulus to the Senate and people of the Allobroges. Greetings. I swear that I will keep the agreement made with your ambassadors, to wit, that your country shall have its freedom if you will send cavalry to support us in overthrowing the officers of Rome." Hast anything to say? (Lentulus shakes his head.) (Turning to Gauls.) Are these the men of which ye spoke a short time since?

Galba: They are, most noble consul.

Cicero: What further dost thou know of them?

Galba: Most noble Cicero, thou knowest the essential features of the plan, from the testimony of Titus Volturcius and from the letters thou hast read. One thing further we might add. The day appointed for the massacre was one of thy Roman feast days, thy Saturnalia.

Vertico: But Gaius Cethegus thought that time too long to wait. But 'tis Lentulus who directs the operations within the

The conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene VII. (Second Part.)

Caius: These are that I have named. —

Portico: And Lucius [illegible].

Caius: And anjoin [illegible] as
was possible. Cavalry [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
ves would [illegible] infantry.

Vertico: And Lentulus [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or-
acles, and the sooth-sayers [illegible] [illegible] over
the city, he being the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
ruled before. And this, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the
destruction of the city, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
tol was burned. (Enter Sulpicius [illegible].)

Cicero: The Senate gives [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (To
soldiers -) Bring in Catiline. (Enter [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].)
Dost know where we did find these weapons?

Catiline: (After pause.) I do not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
my house. 'Tis a collection I have made. [illegible] over by
daylight.

Cicero: (Holds up letter.) Dost recognize this seal, Catiline-
ger?

Catiline: I do.

Cicero: (Breaks seal and reads.) "Caius Catiline, to the
Senate and people of the Allobroges. Greetings. I do hereby
aware that I will fulfil my promises made to your embassadors,
and I do enjoin upon you to fulfil the promises made by them."
Caius Catiline, hast thou anything to say? (Catiline remains
silent.) (To soldiers -) Then bring in Statilius. (Enter sol-
diers with Statilius.) Is this thy seal, Statilius?

Statilius: It is.

Cicero: And this the handwriting?

Statilius: It is.

Cicero: (Reads.) "Giving the liberty to the Gauls and peo-
ple of the Allobroges, Publius Cornelius [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
to fulfil all arrangements made with the embassadors of your
people." Dost thou admit thy writing?

Statilius: Thou hast read my letter.

Cicero: It is enough. (To soldiers -) Bring in Cethe-
Lentulus. (Enter soldiers with Lentulus.) Dost thou recognize
thy seal? (Lentulus nods assent.) Give the lie denial of thy
grandfather. Even the silent image of thy patriotic sire should
have called thee back from such a crime. (Pause.) [illegible] Cor-
nelius Lentulus to the Senate and people of the Allobroges.
Greetings. I swear that I will keep the agreement made with
your embassadors, to wit, that your country shall have the
freedom if you will send cavalry to support me in overthrowing
the officers of Rome." Hast anything to say? (Lent. lie drooping
his head.) (Turning to Gauls.) Are these the men of which you
spoke a short time since?

Gauls: They are, most noble consul.

Cicero: What further dost thou know of them?

Gauls: Most noble Cicero, thou hast [illegible] essential [illegible]
ness of the plan, from the testimony of Titus Volturcius and
from the letters thou hast read. One thing further we might add.
The day appointed for the massacre was one of thy Roman festi-
vals, thy Saturnalia.

Vertico: But Gaius Cathegus thought it was too long to
wait. But Publius Lentulus who directed the operations within the

city.

Lentulus: What have I had to do with thee? What dost thou know about my plans?

Galba: A few days since, we came into thy house, under —

Lentulus: Why did'st thou come?

Galba: Thou, thyself, bade us go there to receive the pledge that thou, as chief of the conspiracy at Rome, made to our people.

Lentulus: Then know, O Conscript Fathers, this is true. Know that for months it has been my purpose to overthrow the state, and know ye, too, that while any power is in me, I will continue to rebel.

Volturcius: I pray thee, noble consul, read the letter from Lentulus to Catiline.

Cicero: Is this thy seal and hand-writing?

Lentulus: It is, O consul.

Cicero: (Reads.) "Know I am thou wilt know from him whom I have sent to thee. Consider how far thou hast gone, and conduct thyself like a man. Take care to provide what is necessary, and seek the aid of everyone, even the weakest. (To Lentulus—) Hast any more to say?

Lentulus: No more than what I have already said.

Cicero: (To soldiers —) Then bring in Gabinius. (Enter soldiers with Gabinius.) Dost see these men?

Gabinius: I am not blind.

Cicero: Hast had communication with them?

Gabinius: I leave it to the Plebeians to associate with barbarians like these.

Vertico: Thou Roman knave!

Cicero: These Gauls allege against thee, that thou did'st try to stir them up against the Roman state.

Gabinius: The Gallic knaves do seek a cover for their own misdeeds!

Vertico: Thou liest! (Springs at him with drawn dagger, but soldiers hold him back.)

Cicero: Their accusations are corroborated by those of Titus Volturcius.

Gabinius: (To Volturcius —) Thou cowardly dog!

Cicero. Dost thou admit thy guilt?

Gabinius: I will not bandy words with a Plebeian.

Cicero: It is enough. (To soldiers —) Take them hence. (Exeunt soldiers with all the witnesses.) It now becomes necessary for us to decide, O Conscript Fathers, upon the fate of these conspirators. Most noble Silanus, consul elect, we would hear from thee.

Silanus: There is no need to dwell, O Conscript Fathers, upon the dangers and the ravages of civil war, and these all of a war waged by a band of citizens so monstrously steeped in crime. Surely no penalty can be too severe for the leaders of this wide-spread conspiracy that so [illegible] threatened the innocent of the empire, our wives and children, with such indignities as I have not the heart to bring before you. We should behold our sacred temples and the works of our ancestors trampled under foot by a mob of lawless [illegible] earth. Death is my recommendation — death, not alone to those [illegible] have had before us, but to one and all the leaders of this accursed plot. (Murmurs.)

The Conspiracy of Catiline.
Scene VII. (Fourth Part.)

Cicero: Most illustrious Caesar, we would hear from thee. (Cries of " The new Pontifex Maximus." "We will hear him.")

First Senator: (To second -) Hast heard it rumored that Julius Ceasar hath given aid to this conspiracy?

Second Senator: Ay, but the consul will hear none of it.

Curius: Ah, but 'tis true. Upon my oath, 'tis true!(Cries of "Silence!" "Let us hear Caesar!)

Caesar: It becomes all men, Conscript Fathers, who deliberate on dubious matters to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger or pity. The mind, when such feelings obstruct its view, cannot easily see what is right. Caution, Conscript Fathers, is to be observed by yourselves, that the guilt of Lentulus and the other conspirators, may not have greater weight with you than your own dignity, and that you may not regard your indignation more than your character. If indeed, a punishment adequate to their crimes can be discovered, I consent to extraordinary measures; but if the enormity of their crime exceeds what can be devised, I think that one should inflict only such penalties as the laws have provided. For what in others is called resentment, is, in the powerful, termed violence and cruelty. I feel assured, too, that Decimus Silanus, a man of spirit and of resolution, made his suggestions through zeal for the state and that he had no view in so important a matter toward favor or toward enmity; such I know to be his character, and such his discretion. Yet his proposal appears to me, I will not say cruel -- for what can be cruel that is directed against such characters -- but foreign to our policy. For assuredly, Silanus, either your fears or their treason must have induced you, a consul elect, to propose this new kind of punishment. Of fear it is unnecessary to speak, when, by the prompt action of that distinguished man our consul, such numerous forces are under arms; and as to the punishment we may say, what is indeed the truth, that in trouble and distress, death is a relief from suffering and not a torment,-- that it puts an end to all human woes and that beyond it there is no place either for sorrow or joy. Whatever shall fall on the traitors will fall on them justly; but it is for you, Conscript Fathers, to consider well what you resolve to inflict on others. All precedents productive of evil effects, have had their origin from what was good; but when a government passes into the hands of the ignorant or unprincipled, any new example of severity inflicted on deserving and suitable objects is extended to those that are improper and undeserving of it. Excesses indeed I do not fear from Marcus Tullius or in these times. But in a large state there arise many men of various dispositions. At some other period and under another consul, who, like the present, may have an army at his command, some false accusation may be credited as true; and when, with our example for a precedent, the consul shall have drawn the sword on the authority of the Senate, who shall stay its progress, or moderate its fury? The lenity of our ancestors, Conscript Fathers, I regard as a very strong reason why we should not adopt any new measures of severity. For assuredly there was greater merit and wisdom in those who raised so mighty an empire from humble means, than in us, who can scarcely preserve what they so honorably acquired. Am I of the opin-

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene VII. (Fourth Part.)

Cicero: Most illustrious Senate, we would hear from these, (Cries of "The new Pontifex Maximus." "The will [illegible] man.")

Julius Caesar: (To second Senator.) Hast heard [illegible] that

Second Senator: Ay, but the consul will [illegible] of it.

Cicero: Ah, but this time, [illegible] (Cries of "Silence!" "Let us hear Caesar.")

Caesar: It becomes all men, [illegible] the deliberate on dubious matters to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger or pity. The mind, when [illegible] a obstructed view, cannot easily see what is right. Conscious, [illegible] Fathers, is to be observed by [illegible] that the spirit of Lentulus and the other conspirators, [illegible] weight with you than your own dignity, and [illegible] regard your indignation more than your [illegible]. Indeed, a punishment adequate to their crimes can be discovered, I cannot to extraordinary measures; but as the [illegible] of their crime exceeds what can be devised, I think that one should inflict only such penalties as the laws have provided. For what in others is called resentment, is, in the powerful, termed violence and cruelty. I feel assured, too, that Lentulus Sillanus, a man of spirit and of resolution, made, by [illegible] through zeal for the state and that he had no [illegible] portant a matter toward favor or toward enmity. [illegible] to be his character, and such his discretion. Let his [illegible] appears to me, I will not say cruel — for what can be cruel that is directed against such characters — but foreign to our policy. For assuredly, Sillanus, either your fears or your treason must have induced you, a consul elect, to propose this new kind of punishment. If fear is the unnecessary to speak; when, by the proper action of that distinguished [illegible] our consul, such numerous forces are under arms; and as to the punishment we may say, what is indeed the truth, that in trouble and distress, death is a relief from suffering and not a torment, — that it puts an end to all human woes and that beyond it there is no place either for sorrow or joy. Whatever shall fall on the traitors will fall on them justly and for a [illegible] you, conscript Fathers, to consider well what [illegible] inflict on others. All precedents [illegible] have had their origin from [illegible] ment passes into the hands of the [illegible] any one example of severity inflicted [illegible] bid objects be extended to [illegible] serving of it. Processes formed [illegible] time or in those times, but in a large state [illegible] man of various dispositions. At some other [illegible] rather consul, who, like this present, [illegible] commend, some false accusation may [illegible] when, with our example for a precedent, [illegible] drawn the sword on the authority [illegible] life progress, or moderate its course [illegible] tors, conscript Fathers, I regard as a very [illegible] to should not adopt any new measures of severity. For [illegible] by those who greater merit and wisdom in those who [illegible] nothing in empire from humble beginn, then in us, who are regards [illegible] preserve that this republic, [illegible]

ion, then, you will ask, that the conspirators should be set free, and that the army of Catiline should be increased? Far from it; my recommendation is, that their property be confiscated and that they themselves be kept in custody in such of the municipal towns as are best able to bear the expense; that no one here-after bring their case before the Senate or speak on it to the people; and that the Senate now give their opinion that he who shall act contrary to this, will act against the republic and the general safety of her people. (Murmurs.)

Silanus: 'Twere well, I think, to leave this matter till another day. More time is needed for deliberation. (Cries of "Cato!" "Cato!")

Cicero: Honored Cato, let us hear from thee.

Cato: I am very differently affected, Conscript Fathers, when I view our present situation and the danger we are in, and then consider the proposals made by some of the Senators who have spoken before me.

Often, Conscript Fathers, have I spoken in this assembly: often have I complained of the luxury and avarice of our fellow-citizens, on which account I bear the enmity of many: I, who never indulged, myself, in any vice, nor ever cherished the thought of any, could not easily pardon the crimes of others. And though you [illegible] little regarded my remonstrances, yet the commonwealth remained firm; her native strength supported her under the negligence of her governors. But the present debate is not about the goodness or depravity of our morals, nor about the greatness or prosperity of the Roman empire, no, it is whether this empire, such as it is, continue our own, or together with ourselves, fall a prey to the enemy. In such a case will anyone talk of gentleness or mercy? We have long since lost the true names of things. To give away what belongs to others is called generosity; to attempt what is criminal, fortitude; and thence the state is reduced to the brink of ruin.

Caius Caesar has just now spoken with great strength and accuracy concerning life and death, taking for fictions, I doubt not, the vulgar notions of an infernal world where the bad, separated from the good, are confined to dark and melancholy abodes. Accordingly, his proposal is that their lives be spared, their estates be confiscated and their persons confined in the corporate towns. This is an empty proposal, if he fears any danger from them. In determining the fate of Lentulus and the other prisoners, be assured that you likewise determine that of Catiline's army and all the conspirators.

And do you demur about the doom of the most barbarous parricides? Their present offense perhaps, is unsuitable to their former character: show a tender regard for the dignity of Lentulus if you find that he himself ever showed any for his own chastity, for his honor, for gods or men; pardon Cethegus, in consideration of his youth, if this is not the second time of his making war on his country; for what need I mention Gabinius and Statilius, who, if they had possessed the least degree of of reflection, would never have embarked in such wicked designs against the state.

But we are surrounded on all sides. Catiline is hovering about us with an army, we have enemies within the walls and in the very heart of the city. No preparations can be made, no measures

taken, without their knowledge, hence the greater reason for dispatch. My opinion, then, is this: that since by a detestable combination of profligate citizens the state is brought into the greatest danger, since they are convicted by the evidence of Volturcius and the deputies of the Allobroges, and their own confession, to have entered into a conspiracy for destroying their fellow-citizens and native country by slaughter, conflagration and other unheard of cruelties: they be put to death, according to the ancient usage, as being condemned by their own mouths. (Cries of "Ay, ay!" "Death! Death!")

Cicero:("Fourth Oration against Catiline!) I see, O Conscript Fathers, that the looks and eyes of you all are turned towards me; I see that you are anxious not only for your own danger and that of the republic, but even, if that be removed, for mine. Your good-will is delightful to one amid evils. and pleasing amid grief; but I entreat you, in the name of the immortal gods, lay it aside now, and, forgetting my safety, think of yourselves and of your children. ...

I am that consul, O Conscript Fathers, to whom neither the forum in which all justice is administered, nor the Campus Martius, consecrated to the consular assemblies, nor the Senate house the chief assistance of all nations, nor my own home, the common refuge of all men, nor my bed devoted to rest, in short, not even this seat of honor, this curule chair, has ever been free from the danger of death, or from plots and treachery. ...

They are now in your hands who withstood all Rome, with the object of bringing conflagration on the whole city, massacre on all of you, and of receiving Catiline; their letters are in your posession, their seals, their handwriting, and the confession of each individual of them; the Allobroges are tapered with, the slaves are excited, Catiline is sent for; the design is actually begun to be put in execution, that all should be put to death, so that no one should be left even to mourn the name of the republic, and to lament the downfall of so mighty a dominion. ...

Now to whatever point your minds and opinions incline, you must decide before night. You see how great a crime has been made known to you; if you think that but few are implicated in it you are greatly mistaken; this evil has spread wider than you think; it has spread not only throughout Italy, but it has even crossed the Alps, and creeping stealthily on, it has already occupied many of the provinces. ...

I see that as yet there are two opinions. One that of Decius Silanus, who thinks that those who have endeavored to destroy all these things should be punished with death; the other, that of Caius Caesar, who objects to the punishment of death, but adopts the most extreme severity of all other punishment. Each acts in a manner suitable to his own dignity and to the magnitude of the business with the greatest severity. The one thinks that it is not right that those, who have attempted to deprive all of us and the whole Roman people of life, to destroy the empire, to extinguish the name of the Roman people, should enjoy life and the breath of heaven common to us all, for one moment.... The other feels that death was not appointed by the immortal gods for the sake of punishment, but that it is either a necessity of nature, or a rest from toils and miseries; therefore wise men have never met it unwillingly, brave men have often en-

countered it even voluntarily. But imprisonment, and that, too, perpetual, was certainly invented for the extraordinary punishment of nefarious wickedness; therefore he proposes that they should be distributed among the municipal towns. ... He takes away even hope, which alone can comfort men in their miseries; besides this, he votes that their goods should be confiscated; he leaves life alone to these infamous men. ... We have from Caius Caesar, as his own dignity and as the illustrious character of his ancestors demanded, a vote as a hostage of his lasting good-will to the republic. ... But this most gentle and merciful man does not hesitate to commit Publius Lentulus to eternal darkness and imprisonment, and establishes a law to all posterity that no one shall be able to boast of alleviating his punishment, or hereafter to appear a friend of the people to the destruction of the Roman people. He adds also the confiscation of their goods, so that want also and beggary may be added to all the torments of mind and body. ...

I seem to myself to see this city, the light of the world, and the citadel of all nations, falling suddenly in one conflagration. I see in my mind's eye miserable and unburied heaps of the slain lying upon the grave of my country; the sight of Cethegus and his madness raging amid your slaughter is ever present to my sight. But when I have set before myself Lentulus reigning as he ... had hoped was his destiny, and this Gabinius arrayed in the purple, and Catiline arrived with his army, then I shudder at the lamentation of matrons, and the flight of maidens and children, and the insults of the vestal virgins; and because these things appear to me exceedingly pitiable, therefore I show myself severe and rigorous to those who have wished to bring about this state of affairs. ... We ... if we are very rigorous, shall be considered merciful; if we choose to be lax, we must endure the reputation for the greatest cruelty toward our country and our fellow-citizens. ...

Think with what great labor this our dominion was founded, by what virtue this our liberty was established, by what kind favor of the gods our fortunes were aggrandized and ennobled, and how nearly one night destroyed them all. That this may never hereafter be done, but not even thought of, you must this day take care. And I have spoken thus, not in order to stir you up who almost outrun me myself, but that my voice, which ought to be the chief voice in the republic, may appear to have fulfilled the duty which belongs to me as consul.

Let us now put this matter to a vote. What is your will, O Conscript Fathers? Shall Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius and Gabinius be put to death? Those in favor stand here upon my right; those opposed, there upon my left. (All on Caesar's side, the consul's left, except Servius Sulla, cross to his right. Cassius crosses to left side.) Let it then be a decree of the Senate of the Roman People that sentence of death be pronounced upon Publius Cornelius Lentulus, Gaius Cethegus, Lucius Statilius, and Publius Gabinius Capito.

(Curtain.)

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene VIII. - Execution of Four Conspirators.

The Roman forum is crowded with citizens of all classes. They face the empty rostrum around which there is a small vacant space. They converse only in low tones and even this ceases when, at the side and near the rostrum, Cicero in his white toga leads in by the hand Lentulus cloathed in the black garb of the condemned, and slowly passes before the people, followed by the three remaining conspirators each of whom is robed in black and accompanied by a praetor. They pass off at the center by a guarded door and the people wait in silence for a moment when Cicero once more appears and speaks slowly the one word that announces the death of the conspirators:

"Vixerunt." ("They have lived!")

The conquerors of Gallilee.

Scene VIII. - Procession of First Gladiators.

The Roman forum is crowded with citizens of all classes. They face the empty reviewing gallery which stands in a small vacant space. They converse - only in low tones and even this ceases when, at the side and near the gallery, figures in white togas leads in by the hand bewildered gladiated in the black garb of the condemned, and slowly passes before the people. Followed by the three remaining conquerors each, of course in red, in black and accompanied by a praetor. They pass off as the cortège by a guarded door and the people will in silence for a moment when Cicero once more appears and speaks slowly the one word that announces the death of the condemned:

"Vixerunt." ("They have lived!")

The Conspiracy of Catiline.

Scene IX. - The Death of Catiline.

Only one corner of the battle field is shown to tell this story. Dead men and wounded lie about in numbers and a few living men (all soldiers of the republic) stand facing Catiline as he leans on his elbow breathing his last and unable to speak but looking at them with all his old-time hatred and ferosity. The heap of dead about him shows how dearly Rome has bought her freedom from his plots and how bravely the last member of the Catiline conspiracy died.